

These Savages Can Teach Our Scientists Something

Says RUSSELL SINCLAIR

ONE day not long ago, in HYENAS ON THE BINGE.

Kenya, a party of natives, accompanied by their headman, came to the British officials and protested against the cutting down of a baobab tree, one of the great leathery giants with far-reaching branches. The tree was to be cut down, to make way for a new road.

When asked why they didn't want the tree removed, they all exclaimed with one voice that "it was the tree that gave the kraals their children." That seemed pure superstition. But the natives continued their protest that the baobab tree was "mwiko."

But it wasn't superstition at all. This particular tree was not cut down; the road was made to by-pass it, because a botanist from Capetown volunteered an explanation. He had got it from a pathologist.

The reason the blacks gathered the leaves of the tree at dawn and made a special gruel of them was because the baobab's leaves are rich in calcium and vitamin E. And both are very valuable factors in human fecundity. But the leaves must be first dried in a cool place.

Another root, which white men regard merely as a deadly poison, is "muhogo." It grows

and dozens of other green vegetables.

The natives eat 32 different kinds of poultry and game birds, which range from small wood-peckers to big eagles. And it is a commonplace for a woman in the kraal to know about fifty ways of making a meat meal.

Yet meat does not figure largely in native dishes. If a buck or an elephant is killed there is a great feast, but even then the rules for the division of the carcass are very strict.

Special portions of the meat are allowed to the hunters, the old men, the women and the children, and nobody ever dreams of taking anybody else's share.

Insects, strangely enough, form a big part of the diet, especially of the children. Kraals keep an insect-pot, and into this go caterpillars (some several inches in length), grubs, locusts and ants.

PASS THE GRUB-BOX.

White experts in diet have proved that caterpillar soup is far more nourishing than chicken broth; and the native grubs are of better food value than roast pork.

Sometimes native children can be seen eating locusts and ants raw, and I have often seen these insects roasted and put on a reed, which the children relish like a white child relishes a sugar apple. The insects can also be dried, ground up, and used as soup powders.

In the Eyassi plains, east of Victoria Nyanza, the boys and girls collect beetles, toads, lizards, snakes and scorpions for the cook-pots. One grub, the "chilengwa-grub," is very hard to find.

If a young lover wants to give his lady a real treat he often hacks down the roots of a tree where the grubs are found, and presents her with one. Then she knows he really loves her.

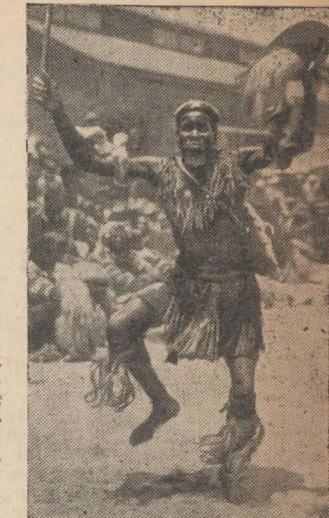
The drinks of most kraals consist of honey-water, grain-beer and milk. Some men live almost entirely on the beer; but the children drink enormous quantities of sour milk, and grow lusty on it.

IS WOOLTON LISTENING?

It all depends on the cooking, probably; but it has been admitted by Government experts in Africa that the savages can give tips to the whites on the matter of what food nourishes and what doesn't.

Some time ago, when two children from the Victoria Nyanza district were taken from their kraal to Johannesburg and given some European form of salads, they said that they couldn't eat it, as they were used to having their food "properly cooked."

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HE JUMPED OFF STIRLING CASTLE WITH FEATHERS ROUND HIS NECK

EVER heard of John Damian, Scotland's first "airman"?

Round about 450 years ago, John, who was Abbot of Tungland, set the rumour going that he was going to give a display of flying. His aerodrome was—the top of Stirling Castle. He said he had discovered the "true mixture of air-worthy substances," with which he had constructed a pair of wings.

"I shall fly from Scotland to France within the hour," said Abbot John.

On September 22, 1507, at ten o'clock in the morning, John Damian mounted the walls of Stirling Castle. Round his neck and trailing down his spine were a pair of wings which he had caused to be made for himself of "feathers from divers foulis."

It was raining heavily; the skies were leaden, and it was ominously calm.

But in spite of the inhospitality of the weather, great crowds had gathered in the grounds of Stirling Castle. The King was there with his court, and Damian bowed three times gracefully from on high to His Majesty.

The crowd, at first noisy and excited, stood silent as John Damian gathered up his wings and spread out his arms.



STOKER ELFORD HERE'S A YOUNG LADY WALKING DOWN THE LANE

A YOUNG lady stepped off the bus at Moors Road, Brambridge, Hampshire, and walked to No. 1 Dean Cottages.

She was in overalls, and had just finished a day's work keeping the wheels turning.

The young lady was Mrs. Ivy Elford, wife of Stoker Elford. In addition to keeping house, this plucky young woman works up to twelve hours a day making railway engines.

"I don't mind the work," Mrs. Elford told us.

Around her neck, in contrast to the grimy overalls, hangs a gold chain with a cross and an engagement ring. She wears the ring there because the stone might be damaged at work.

"It's my most valued possession next to my photograph, so I would hate to have it damaged," she explained. From her overall pocket your wife drew out a photograph, Stoker Elford, that was taken just after you were married.

Several relatives and neighbours have been asking after you, among them Chris and Bill, who send best wishes, your father, Mrs. Pearce at the "Rising Sun," and your wife's family.

Your wife sends you her love and a big kiss.

And then, without further ado, John bent his legs, straightened them, and sprang into the air.

But—Scotland's first air flight ended almost before it had begun. John Damian crashed and struck the foot of the wall

immediately before him with a thud. He had not flown a solitary yard.

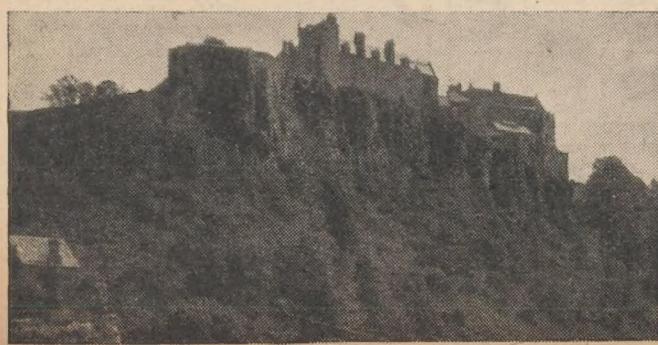
There John Damian lay in his feathers, with his thigh-bone fractured. His experiment may have failed, but he had not given up his theory.

As rescuers ran up to help him, John Damian dragged himself into a sitting position and lectured the crowd:—

"My wings," said he, "were composed of various kinds of feathers, including those of cocks and hens. These birds have a certain natural attraction towards the earth, and that is why I fell."

Added the stubborn Scot: "If my wings had been made of eagles' feathers alone, then that same sort of sympathy would have attracted me to the skies."

But Scotland's first aeronaut never tried again.



The Worst Crime in the World

FATHER BROWN was wandering through a picture gallery with an expression that suggested that he had not come there to look at the pictures.

Indeed, he did not want to look at the pictures, although he liked pictures well enough. Not that there was anything immoral or improper about these highly modern pictorial designs.

He would indeed be of an inflammable temperament who was stirred to any of the more pagan passions by the display of interrupted spirals, inverted cones and broken cylinders on the walls.

The truth is that Father Brown was looking for a young friend who had appointed that somewhat incongruous meeting-place.

The young friend was also a young relative; one of the few relatives that he had. Her name was Betty Fane, and she was the child of a sister who had married into a race of refined but impoverished squires. As the squire was dead as well as impoverished, Father Brown stood in the relation of a protector as well as a priest, and in some sense a guardian as well as an uncle.

Blinking about the groups in the gallery—some of whom he knew and others not—the priest's interest was aroused

By G. K. CHESTERTON

by a lithe and alert young man, very well dressed, and looking rather like a foreigner, because, while his beard was cut in a spade shape, like an old Spaniard's, his dark hair was cropped so close as to look like a tight black skull-cap.

Among the people the priest did not particularly want to know was a very dominant-looking lady, sensational dressed in scarlet, with a mane of yellow hair. She had a powerful and rather unwholesome complexion, and when she looked at anybody she cultivated the fascinations of a basilisk. She towed in attendance behind her a short man with a big beard and a very broad face, with long, sleepy slits of eyes. The expression of his face was benevolent; but his bull neck, when seen from behind, looked a little brutal.

Father Brown gazed at the lady, feeling that the appearance and approach of his niece would be an agreeable contrast.

It was, therefore, with a certain relief that he turned at

the sound of his name and saw another face that he knew.

It was the sharp but not unfriendly face of a lawyer named Granby, whose patches of grey hair might almost have been the powder from a wig, so incongruous were they with his youthful energy of movement.

He was one of those men in the City who run about like schoolboys in and out of their offices. He looked as if he wanted to run round in that fashionable picture gallery, and he fretted as he glanced to left and right seeking somebody he knew.

"I didn't know," said Father Brown, smiling, "that you were a patron of the New Art."

"I didn't know that you were," retorted the other. "I came here to catch a man."

The lawyer then ruminated a moment, and said abruptly:

"Look here, I know you can keep a secret. Do you know Sir John Musgrave?"

"No," answered the priest.

"But I should hardly have thought he was a secret, although he hides himself in a castle. Isn't he the old man they tell all those tales about—how he lives in a tower with a real portcullis and drawbridge and generally refuses to emerge from the Dark Ages? Is he one of your clients?"

"No," said Granby shortly. "It's his son, Captain Musgrave, who has come to us. But the old man counts a good deal in the affair. Look here, this is confidential, as I say, but I can confide in you."

Granby dropped his voice and drew his friend apart into a deserted side gallery.

"This young Musgrave," he said, "wants to raise a big sum from us on a post-obit on his old father in Northumberland. The old man's long past 70 and presumably will obit some time or other; but what about the obit, so to speak? What will happen afterwards to his cash and castles and portcullises? It's a very fine estate and still worth a lot, but, strangely enough, it isn't entailed. So you see how we stand. The question is—is the old man friendly?"

"Well," said Father Brown, "I can't help you. I never met Sir John Musgrave, and I understand very few people do meet him nowadays. Is his son the sort of man who would be cut off with a shilling?"

"Well, I'm doubtful," answered the other. "Captain

Musgrave's very popular and brilliant and a great figure in society; but he's a great deal abroad, and he's been a journalist."

"Well," said Father Brown, "that's not a crime. At least, not always."

"Nonsense!" said Granby curtly. "You know what I mean—he's rather a rolling stone; journalist, lecturer, actor, all sorts of things. I've got to know where I stand. Why, there he is."

And the solicitor, who had been stamping impatiently

From "The Secret of Father Brown"

By Permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

about the gallery, turned suddenly and darted into the more crowded room at a run. He was running towards the tall and well-dressed young man with the short hair and the foreign-looking beard.

The two walked away together talking, and for some moments afterwards Father Brown followed them with his screwed, short-sighted eyes.

His gaze was shifted and recalled, however, by the breathless and even boisterous arrival of his niece, Betty. Rather to the surprise of her uncle, she led him back into the emptier room and planted him on a seat that was like an island in that sea of floor.

"I've got something I must tell you," she said. "It's so silly that nobody else will understand it."

"You overwhelm me," said Father Brown. "Is it about this business your mother started telling me about? Engagements and all that? Not what the military historians call a general engagement."

"You know," she said, "that she wants me to be engaged to Captain Musgrave."

"I didn't," said Father

Brown with resignation, "but Captain Musgrave seems to be quite a fashionable topic."

"Of course, we're very poor," she said, "and it's no good saying it makes no difference."

"Do you want to marry him?" asked Father Brown, looking at her through his half-closed eyes.

She frowned at the floor, and answered in a lower tone:

"I thought I did. At least, I think I thought I did. But I've just had rather a shock."

"Then tell us all about it."

"I heard him laugh," she said.

(Continued to-morrow)

QUIZ for today

1. A haslet is a ventilation hole in brickwork, a bird, a piece of meat, a small turnip, a type of drainpipe.

2. Who wrote (a) *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, (b) *A Fleet in Being*?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—1832, 1848, 1857, 1896, 1904, 1916.

4. Who was the wife of Ananias?

5. Where does "Smote them hip and thigh" come from?

6. Does Shakespeare mention tennis?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Mandrill, Mangoe, Manganeze, Manicure, Manakin.

8. How many legs has an ant?

9. Who was Mrs. Malaprop?

Answers to Quiz in No. 162

1. Australian native dance.

2. (a) E. M. Forster, (b) Kipling.

3. Sir John Simon was never Prime Minister; all the others were.

4. 250 yards.

5. Lewis Carroll in "Through the Looking Glass."

6. Arthur.

7. Presbyter, Mangy.

8. 24, 12 on each side.

9. Agnes Fleming.

10. "Widow of fifty," Sheridan, in "The School for Scandal."

11. 1877.

12. Albert Chevalier.

WANGLING WORDS

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ALC, to make a word.

2.—Rearrange the letters of CARE OF LUMB, to make a seaside resort.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SOAP into SODA, BLOW into THAT, STAG into HUNT, COIN into NOTE.

4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ANTIQUARIANS?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 118

1. CHaffinch.

2. LOWESTOFT.

3. BOAT, BOAT, MOAT.

MOST, LOST, LOSE, ROSE.

ROTE, RATE, RACE, LACE.

LYRE, LORE, PORE, PORT.

POST, MOST, MOAT, BOAT.

BOAS, BIAS, LIAS, LIAR.

BALD, BOLD, HOLD, HELD, HEAD.

BELL, BELT, BEST, REST,

RUST, RUSH, PUSH.

4. Same, Mare, Ream, Mire,

Rime, Lime, Mile, Bear, Bare,

Bale, Lame, Meal, Beam, Sire,

Rise, Able, Real, Lair, Liar,

Rail, Base, Eras, etc.

Miser, Sable, Arise, Serai,

Bears, Bares, Abler, Bream,

Brail, Blear, Rebel, Reels,

Smear, Reams, Islam, Rails,

etc.

D	E	C	K
P	E	C	K
P	E	A	K
P	E	E	L
K	E	E	L

Solution to Word Ladder in No. 162.

JANE



Solution to Word Ladder in No. 162.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



John Nelson looks Back-4

ANNOUNCEMENTS that England will play Scotland twice at Soccer this season, and perhaps three times, set memory racing back to some of the great battles between the "auld enemies," when wee Alan Morton automatically picked himself as the Scots' outside-left.

"Little Blue Devil" was the description a perplexed full-back once applied to him. The name stuck. Every England defender who encountered him came to the conclusion that he had as many wiles as any imp of wickedness ever possessed.

He was in a class by himself. Memory recalls no one in the long history of the game more sure of selection were it needful to pick a world team from the players of all time for a match on the Elysian fields.

His father, a colliery proprietor, had a farm at Shotts, and it was on the farm fields that five boys and three girls, brothers and sisters, learned to play football and other ball games.

It was during the four years he was at Airdrie Academy that attention was first drawn to him. Here was a wee laddie—at his heftiest he was only 5ft. 3½in. tall and 10st. 4lbs. in weight—who could use both feet with equal readiness, and he had a strong shot in each.

He could dribble a ball as few were able to do, and he had a most elusive body swerve that enabled him to go inwards or outwards at will, without dropping from top speed. A flick of the foot enabled him to do what seemed like a totem dance as worried defenders threatened to bar his way.

No one in such circumstances knew the way he would go; he always seemed to find the unsuspected angle. His native Partick did not realise until it was too late what a treasure they might have had for the asking.

Airdrie saw him, and he played in one match for them against Motherwell. It was a friendly benefit game and he was at centre-forward. Airdrie did not appear greatly impressed, although they liked the boy.

Then a family neighbour asked if he would like to play for Queen's Park. That was during the last war. He jumped at the chance. For a couple of months the amateurs played him in their Strollers' team—their second eleven—but then he figured for the seniors against Third Lanark at Hampden Park.

The Queen's Park forward line in that match was: E. Garvie (killed in the war), Alan Morton, his brother Robert Morton, Gordon Hoare, and C. L. Buchan (a Peebles man).

As he scored in that match against a goalkeeper so redoubtable as Jimmy Brownlie, he was the proudest youth in all Glasgow that night.

For six seasons he remained with Queens, and then astonished the world by becoming a professional player with Rangers. He had meanwhile played for Scotland in the Victory internationals, and was definitely a player with a future.

Morton was the first man Mr. Willie Struth engaged for the momentous 1920-21 season, when Rangers went through without defeat until their 24th match.

As luck would have it, this professional debut was against his old friends from Airdrie at Ibrox. The student engineer who was to become a mine manager established a left-wing connection with a miner, Cairns, that was to become memorable.

It is common knowledge how he remained in football long enough to earn every honour open to him, some of them many times over.

An excellent golfer, a lawn tennis player of no small merit and now a director of his old club, Alan Morton goes down to history as an outstanding example of clean and healthy sportsmanship.

A little man, as already explained, a problem to every defence, yet he went through his career with only one accident—a damaged thigh, against Dundee, which kept him out of the game for a month.

Could there be any better evidence of the truth of the claim that brain can always beat brawn at Soccer whenever it is properly employed?

Although a professional for so many years, he did not allow the game to absorb his entire attention. He carried on his studies as a mining engineer, and qualified for the important post he now holds.

Solution to Allied Ports:
DOUGLAS.

LAUGH WITH SHAUN MacALLISTER

"JUST think. My uncle has been working for twenty years for one boss."

"Mine has been married for twenty years, too."

"Mary," said the mistress to her clumsy servant, "you break more china than your whole wages would pay for. How can we put a stop to this?"

"Well," said Mary, "one way would be to raise my wages."

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
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This England

By the quayside at Sandwich,
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